

The Dry Navy

JOHN BARLEYCORN feels tired, by golly! They've fired Old Red Eye from the navy, and now the brave old salt will fill himself with cistern water when he goes forth to scenes of slaughter, and not depend on malt. Our ships go cruising here and yonder, and wherever they may wander, in temper, calm or fog, on gunboat, battleship and clipper the men will hit the old tin dipper, and never think of grog. The captain, commodore and purser all know that forty-rod is worse than smallpox or the mumps, but custom kept the storeroom loaded with that old stuff which has corroded the works of countless chumps. The officers, a gent supposes, will all be joyous when their noses are bleached of crimson stains; they'll fight the country's battles better, when jugs and bottles cease to fetter their faculties and brains. We've all swelled up about our navy, we all would take our Alfred Davy that it's the best yet born; and we'll be prouder now than ever since it's determined it will never be the Davy of Barleycorn. Old Boats, that thing in sin grow hoary, will never bring a country glory—twice sooner bring eclipse; from admiral crad down to cornet, the naval officers should scum it, and show it from their ships.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.)

—WALT MASON.

"Ready!"

WHAT MOST impressed those who saw the great parade today was the sober businesslike aspect of everybody and everything about it. The American army today is not inferior as a fighting unit to any army on earth. And it has developed in recent years along lines unique, not upon foreign patterns as formerly.

In the early years of the republic, French style dominated army matters. Not only in organization and maneuvers, but in uniforms, the influence of France through the early American Democrats who called themselves Republicans then after the Republicans of France and formed their thoughts and actions upon French suggestion, was large, and France, as the hereditary foe of Great Britain, was chosen as our natural ally and pattern. This period may be said to have lasted until after the war with Mexico.

Then came the brief but eventful spell of western campaigning resulting in opening up the great plains to settlement and development. The army in this period abandoned in large degree many of the old French traditions, and began to adapt itself more and more to the peculiar demands of American military conditions.

The civil war was the great school out of which emerged the most magnificent body of trained soldiery the world ever knew. This was the hardest school of all—experience, brought with blood and billions. But at its close, the United States had in the field on both sides of the great conflict, 1,000,000 men hardened to ceaseless campaigning, largely veterans with years of hard service; there were in the country 1,000,000 more trained and experienced soldiers who had seen field service for longer or shorter periods; and still another 1,000,000 organized and schooled, who had had experience in guard and patrol duty, garrisons, and minor field duties; an army of 3,000,000 men of the north and south, who had been through the most terrible war in all history, and who had seen a thousand theories smashed and replaced with the sound practice gained only in actual experience in the face of an equal foe.

Here was the old army went out and the new army began. Sad to say, the lessons so roughly imparted were too soon forgotten. The people were so glad to get away from war and forget it, that in no other period of our national history in the record of neglect for the army and failure to maintain its high standards, so darkly written as in the 30 years following the close of the civil war. If any one is curious to know just how forgetful the people of this republic were in that period, let him read the life and works of Thomas Nast, the great cartoonist and friend of the army, who was in those days the most powerful advocate of the regular army, outside of the service itself.

Of the magnificent work which the army did in these years of transition, in annexing an empire in the west, there is no need to speak, for it is recent history and known to all in its undying brilliancy, its utter devotion, its heroic self-sacrifice, its useful political mismanagement, its governmental injustice, its crooked exploitation from unscrupulous political contractors, its glorious dedication to high principle and high achievement in the face of almost hopeless neglect and opposition. But in those days, the army held its own against those who sought to use it in the guise of friends, as in earlier days it had held its own in the face of its sworn foes.

The coming on of the war with Spain brought things to a focus. The world will never know, for the people of this country will never fully admit, just how far gone the army was on the side of its civil administration at the beginning of 1898. Cleveland and Olney virtually declared war on Great Britain when the United States did not have a single coast defense gun, not a single modern coast fortification, and only the rudiments of a navy. The politicians tried to force this country into a war with Spain at a time when the army was without modern arms, without ammunition, without artillery, without supplies of any sort for a campaign, without organization.

McKinley withstood the pressure for months, at the risk of all he had won in personal, political, and military prestige. When finally the forward movement was authorized, there was some semblance of order, some rudiments of a supply service, some little store of ammunition, some fair provision of arms, but it was the national crime of sending those boys into war with rifles of the vintage of 1873, with black powder cartridges, without decent or adequate food, without anything but an improvised supply and subsistence department, and with a hospital service a century behind the times, that at last brought this country to life and made it demand a thorough reform.

In spite of all their handicaps, the regular and volunteer soldiers of the United States covered themselves with glory in that war, and retrieved the terrible mistakes of the politicians of a generation who had refused to provide for the national defense. The revelations of incompetency and unpreparedness ruined the career of many an officer, and made the careers of many more, who proved equal to the emergencies that arose at every turn.

Great Britain in the war of 1812 never had on our soil at one time more than 13,000 troops. The United States opposed these 13,000 Englishmen with 576,622 Americans, mostly raw volunteers, and it took three years to drive the British out, after they had mowed through our seaboard states and had burned the national capital city. These are historical facts; they show what it means to oppose a disciplined army, though small, with raw volunteers, however patriotic and brave as individuals. And if a first-class power had suddenly made war on the United States at the beginning of 1898, the experience of 1812 would have been repeated, for a short period, on a vastly greater scale. The death rate in our army in 1898 from disease and exhaustion due to lack of care was the highest ever recorded in any army in modern times. And the war was over long before the hundreds of thousands of willing, brave, patriotic, and enthusiastic boys and men who flocked to the colors could be whipped into shape for real fighting.

As after the civil war, the terrible lessons of 1898 were soon partly forgotten, but this time not wholly. The country was aroused. The crepe on the door, the flag covered casket, the muffled drum, had brought the lesson home. The mass does not always think correctly, but it suffers keenly. The mass suffered, and the mass demanded action, quick reform. The army had come into its own once more.

Then came a period of German influence, a general readjustment along lines patterned after the German model. Military students paid less attention to the Napoleonic wars, less to the Crimea, and thought more of 1870, when Germany, by being prepared, brought France to her knees in 30 days, and revolutionized military standards which had been substantially unmodified since the Roman legions swept the zenith with their blinding eagles.

Our officers were now sent to German maneuvers and German schools. The influence of German models began to be seen in American military practice. It became reflected in our uniforms, in our arms, and most of all in the idea of the general staff, and in the change of organization from the old geographical, political, non-descript system to the new mobile unit system. For the first time since 1864, the army became once more a national body under consistent and scientific centralized control.

Then came the great demonstration of lively, sensible progress upon American national standards. The realization came that the United States, with its own problems, its own topography, its own morale, must develop its army along American national lines, not upon models copied from other powers, but upon models derived out of our own national needs and national experience.

And the army today is an American army. It is a fighting force of unsurpassed efficiency. It is not German, not French, not British, but strictly fighting force. Its tactics are based on its own experience. Whether in the jungle, or in the town, or in the open plain, whether in offense or defense, the American soldier today is directed with greater skill, greater certainty of making effectual headway, greater care for the welfare and safety of the individual fighting man against the consequences of his own or his officers' carelessness and foolishness, than are the soldiers of any other nation on earth.

The American fighting man today, whether in army, navy, coast defense, or marine corps, is the best gunner and the best marksman in the world. The American army has the best quartermaster service, the best ordnance service, the best commissary service, the best hospital service in the world. When the American soldier starts for any place under orders, he not only gets there, somewhat ahead of schedule, but he arrives in perfect condition and ready for anything that may turn up. American troops in this year 1914 are always "fresh troops." American troops in this year 1914 are always "in reserve" in the sense that they always have the energy of nine tigers per man stored up on call and only used like the tail of the faithful sheep of Afghanistan and the hump of the camel, when that means of getting satisfaction is easier than walking over to head.

And withal they have a quiet year about them. Colorado has been having a civil war for nearly a year, with a frightful list of fatalities and a condition constituting a national shame and disgrace. The regular army comes in with a few troops of cavalry and calmly orders state militia, strikers, mine owners, special guards, sheriffs' deputies, policemen, and the general public to walk up to head-

quarters, deposit all weapons, and quit fighting. It was done forthwith. Not a shot has been fired by the troopers since they reached Colorado, but the war is over. It is the little quiet war the army has. Just so, when the Navajos threatened to revolt, Gen. Scott left his military escort a little back over the hill, went up and talked it over with the bad men, and they came in and surrendered. The army has come to its own; it has demonstrated a thousand times that it is not necessary in this world for a man to be always fighting in order to establish respect for him and for his mission if he deserves respect and if his mission be right. So, when you looked upon those 500,000 Americans marching by today, you could not help thinking of them as fitly typifying America as the great conservator of the world's peace, the greatest power for moral as well as physical progress.

The Mexicans have a fine word that always had a sentimental attraction for us, in connection with military matters. It is their watchword, "Alerta," snapped out by the sentries in response to the corporal of the guard; heard in the silence of the night, that word has exactly the same psychological effect as the word "Alerta" of the watch on shipboard at sea. It never seemed to us that the word "Alerta" so used can be precisely translated as "alert" or "vigilant" in English. It carries an additional meaning, that perhaps can be best conveyed by the fine old Saxon word "Ready"—a word that even so late as Shakespeare's time was used as a watchword by sentries in precisely the way the Mexicans use "Alerta."

"Ready" means "completely prepared for immediate action." That one word tells the whole story of the grand review of May 8, 1914, in El Paso.

"Action, not words," is what the United States demanded of Huerta, according to the declaration of a cabinet member on April 15, outlining the government's demand for an apology. Since there has been neither action nor words from that source since, it is to be presumed that the government is doubly satisfied.

A more orderly, well behaved lot than our soldier boys would be hard to find in any group, any locality. They are at all times a quiet, self-respecting, respectful, and law abiding element about the streets—hearty American boys ready for a fight or a frolic, and with individual soldierly qualities of high order.

Only One In 1,000 Alive

To Be Alive Means More Than To Be a Breathing, Eating, Drinking, Talking Human Creature.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

IN every thousand people who are living on this earth not more than one is alive.

To be really alive means more than to be a moving, breathing, eating, drinking, and talking human creature. He who actually lives finds the days too short for the wonderful experiences which are involved in this state.

He finds life itself a continual adventure, full of interest, and with opportunities for pleasure and achievement at every turn. He finds himself an object of delightful study, himself a source of delight to those who are near him. He finds the present results of that study; for he perceives that he is a creature of great power and potentialities, and that he is capable of doing things which are beyond the power of the average man. He finds in himself the will to work out these possibilities.

He enjoys the earth. He loves the sun and all its pleasures. He loves the sleep of the wind upon his cheek; the motion of his limbs in the swift walk; the thrill of the good steady body under his own control; the rhythm in the dance, the swing of the ear. He loves labor and the fatigue which follows, and the sense of accomplishment which comes when he has finished his work. He knows the pleasure of the physical plane, for which his body is fashioned; he draws to himself the pleasures of the mental plane, and he senses the pleasures of the spiritual plane.

With these he is the highest expression of the Creative power visible to mortal vision. And with these he finds his opportunity for happiness, usefulness and pleasure in existence. He knows the pleasure of the physical plane, for which his body is fashioned; he draws to himself the pleasures of the mental plane, and he senses the pleasures of the spiritual plane. He knows the pleasure of the physical plane, for which his body is fashioned; he draws to himself the pleasures of the mental plane, and he senses the pleasures of the spiritual plane.

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quarters, deposit all weapons, and quit fighting. It was done forthwith. Not a shot has been fired by the troopers since they reached Colorado, but the war is over. It is the little quiet war the army has. Just so, when the Navajos threatened to revolt, Gen. Scott left his military escort a little back over the hill, went up and talked it over with the bad men, and they came in and surrendered. The army has come to its own; it has demonstrated a thousand times that it is not necessary in this world for a man to be always fighting in order to establish respect for him and for his mission if he deserves respect and if his mission be right. So, when you looked upon those 500,000 Americans marching by today, you could not help thinking of them as fitly typifying America as the great conservator of the world's peace, the greatest power for moral as well as physical progress.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

It Won't Work.
Rolling Heaps People to Keep Young.
Headlines.
The ocean has been rolling for hundreds of thousands of years, and it is the oldest body of water on the planet.

In the Near Future.
Veracruz, and the city of Mexico will soon be looking to see which is to get a regional bank.

Generally Accepted Policy.
Nobody can be found now who advocates the repeal of the one term plank in the Democratic platform.

But He Never Thought of It!
It might have helped some if Huerta had offered to Christianize Mexico, and enforce good bookkeeping and terms for such American cabinet officers as cannot live on their salaries.

If Mediation Meddles.
When the war drums cease from the world.
And the flaks to wave on high.
Then the army and the navy
Can come home and await the fly.

At the Wrong End of the Day.
The plan of the city of Cleveland to gain an hour by setting the clock back will not find much favor among baseball fans.

Crowding the Record.
If Huerta keeps on he will have turned as many people out of jail as has Governor Hodge.

Not What He's Accustomed To.
Nelson O'Shaughnessy will find the widest days in congress pretty quiet after what he's been through.

Rich!
We agree with the suffragists, who think that no wounded soldier ever told a Red Cross nurse that woman's place is in the home.

Response Guaranteed.
Mr. Bryan's rule not to answer questions does not apply to questions relating to terms and open time.

It Would Have Helped, Anyway.
If Upton Sinclair really wanted to retain in that business strike, he should have read the jungle. Most everybody who read it went on for three or four weeks afterward.

But That Keeps Them Busy.
Apparently the only thing our soldiers, sailors and marines have to do in Veracruz is to enforce the anti-labor law.

What Did You Expect?
The announcement that Mr. Roosevelt would not visit the mines he has not to civilization, surprises nobody.

The Daily Noveltie
AFTER THE CRUET.

His feet were flying like the wind; His robes were streaming down behind; His shoes were on his feet.

WAVING his arms violently, the strange, white-robed figure ran shrieking through the quiet streets.

"Kill him! Kill him!" he cried as his parrot-colored beard flowed in the chill night breeze.

From a crowd was at his venerable but flying head the covers.

"We mustn't let murder be done!" cried one belated citizen who had joined in the chase. "This is older than we are, but we mustn't let respect for age hinder us from preventing murder."

The old man ran on.

"Kill him! Murder him! Murder him!" he cried, brandishing his arms as if to urge on the mob at his heels.

"This sounds serious," said another citizen. "I dislike murders of all kinds, but to see an old gentleman commit suicide is a thing I never saw before."

The old man ran on, raising his voice without assistance, though he must have been close to a hundred.

"Kill him! Kill him!" he screamed. "Kill the empire!"

With a disgusted snort, the pursuing crowd, out on the benches, for they all knew that the old man was merely a baseball fan, running in his sleep.

100 Years Ago Today
ONE hundred years ago today Dr. Thomas Farnshaw Middleton was consecrated first bishop of Calcutta.

The consecration took place last autumn at the residence of the bishop-elect in Calcutta. In Calcutta he had the foundation for the Bishop's college, in 1856, and established a consistory court, which was the first of its kind in India. He was also engaged in his duties as a writer with a fever, of which he died in 1882. For more than a century the efforts to spread the Christian faith in India have continued. Numerically the Christian population in the great eastern empire is still insignificant, amounting to only about 1 percent of the population, but it is generally admitted to have an influence out of all proportion to its numbers.

SOLDIERS SLAUGHTER GAME
AUSTIN, TEX., May 8.—Two of Austin's soldiers have begun their summer vacation, but they usually begin about the first of June. I haven't kept regular count, but I judge that more than a thousand persons go from here every summer to the coast, principally to the seaside resorts near Los Angeles.

"I wish to ask positively," said M. P. Clark, secretary of the El Paso Club, "that the report that the club is to pay the fare of the wives or families of members attending the Toronto convention is absolutely without foundation. I do not know who started the report, but I am loath to believe that it is simply malicious mischief."

"It is true that many of the delegates will be accompanied by their wives and other members of their families, but not one cent of the Adels fund will be used except to pay for advertising matter and to help in paying the actual expenses of the delegates who make up the Toronto delegation."

The wives of Adels members and business men are cordially invited to go with us and special entertainment has been arranged in Toronto for their benefit. While the Adels study and work with the modern business methods.

The On-to-Toronto committee, of which E. H. Sherman is chairman, will personally supervise all expenditures and will know exactly where every cent of the On-to-Toronto fund is expended.

The committee, with the assistance of mayor Kelly, president Adams and myself, is working diligently to secure sufficient funds to make the Toronto trip the greatest boating trip for El Paso in the history of the city.

For 15 years a close liaison between one's visits to El Paso affords a marvelous awakening, said E. N. Blanton, mayor of Port Worth, Texas. "It was just about 15 years ago when I was here last and to compare the present city with the city at that time would be impossible. The intervening years have been a wonderful change in the city. El Paso 15 years ago had little earnings of a real orange."

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

"I do love
My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life."
—Shakespeare.

TODAY will long be remembered by El Paso's boys and girls because of their having enjoyed one of the largest army parades this country has ever known, with the accompanying street decorations, the cheering and the music, the prancing of horses and the rattle of wagons, that go to make such an occasion inspiring. Never before have the youth of El Paso been so stirred. God grant that the enthusiasm may not soon be lost, but that a greater and more tender love of country, a spirit higher and finer, may take hold of them because of this day's program.

Those fortunate enough to have had a birthday anniversary today are: William Burke, 10. Winnie Jones, 15. Blanche Tuckerville, 10. Paul Schindler, 8.

The Herald's compliments and a ticket to the Bijou for each one of the boys and girls named above. Call at the office for it.

TABBY CHILDREN SIT UP AFTER THE MEASLES



Is you ever have the measles? And were you at last allowed to sit up for a little while?

There you know just how alive it is for these two Tabby children. They have just had the measles and are sitting up for the first time. Tottie is not there, she went to stay at her grandmother's. She did not get the measles and Mrs. Tabby did not want her to catch them.

Tom Tabby did have the measles as sure as he had fur and whiskers. He is still in bed, but he is getting better.

Mrs. Tabby planned for five days, counting mornings and evenings, to have her little kitty boys and kitty girls sit up.

"You have gotten along beautifully, children," she said one bright morning. "This afternoon, if nothing happens, you may all sit up in the big basket."

"And have presents!" asked Tom, twinkling under the covers.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tabby. "Today I will go to town and buy each one of you a new hat. I will also give you, and you have had your lunch, you may all sit up in the front parlor and have a nice sun bath."

Now, besides sitting up there was nothing in the world these little kitty children liked better than a sun bath. They punched the pillows and squealed for joy.

Mrs. Tabby held up her paw—"Be still now and rest quietly."

"I can snare the taste of fish out of Blin-kie's mouth," said Mrs. Tabby, sternly. "Just one more such sentence and I will—"

"She stopped nearer and Tom ducked his head under the covers with a sigh.

The other children, Tessie and Binkie, were as quiet as a church night. They were just as strong as Tom, but they were not so sure of their chance of sitting up in the warm spring sunshine.

"While I am gone," said Mrs. Tabby, she will read her book and knit and pocketbook together and put on her hat, "not one paw must come out of your feet, Tommy, dear. I know that you feel well, but I know that you will find your legs very weak and your-

city, but today those markets were more than prominent. People in East Texas who have never seen El Paso would be greatly surprised by a visit here. To them it would be an eye opener. As I was in the city, I will never think that I know more than mother ever again."

"Tomorrow's story," Tottie goes Horse-back Riding."

LITTLE INTERVIEWS
THE regular summer pilgrimage from the south and middle west to California has begun," said Will Meers, of the union depot. "Every train that passes through here westward carries a colony of vacationers on their way to the cool breezes of the Pacific coast."

Few El Pasoans have begun their summer vacations, but they usually begin about the first of June. I haven't kept regular count, but I judge that more than a thousand persons go from here every summer to the coast, principally to the seaside resorts near Los Angeles.

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